Toasts for Feb 22.

To Washington and his little ax
A toast we now demand:
So let's admire who tell the truth
With a sharp ax in his hand.

To the memory of George Washington
the childless father of millions

To the American Eagle
"Here's to the great American Eagle
Proud bird of freedom, all hail!
That nobody can inveigle
Or, put salt on his beautiful tail

The United States Flag
Your stripes of red throb with the
life blood of thousands, your stripes
of white sigh with the woman's
tears

Your field of blue breathes the steadfastness of a country firmly united; and your slats sing a union that is welded together by the mighty hand of an Almighty God.

Our Country

Our Country — Whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine or however otherwise bounded and described, and be the measurements more or less; still our country to be defended by all our hands.

Our country, our whole country and nothing but our country. The Union — no north, no south, no east, no west but one and indivisible.

Our Native Land – May it ever continue the abode of freedom and the birth-place of heroes.

How can we ask others to think as we do when to morrow we ~~may~~ probably shall think differently our selves

AN ARAB SAYING

Remember, three things come not back:
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
It speeds, it flies to wound or slay.
The spoken word so soon forgot
By thee; yet it has perished not;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill
And the lost opportunity,